BELLOWS FALLS NEWS

27 Deer Shot in Town of Rockingham.

The deer season has been an unprecedentedly successful one in this section and many interesting stories are being told, both of success and defeat by our citizens. The snow which fell from five to six and one-half inches during the Tuesday night preceding the first day of the open season last week was a great assistance to the hunters, and one morning since then there has been about an inch of fresh snow, aiding the tracking of game. The first few days hunters were the most successful. The locality most popular as having yielded the best result is about a mile radius out from Lawrence Mills, about in the centre of the town, which has seen seven bucks killed and one doe has been struck by a Rutland railroad train and injured so as to necessitate killing in the same belt.

Following is a list of 27 deer secured in this town, and five secured by Bellows Falls citizens in neighboring towns: William J. Keefe, John P. McCann, Michael Morrison, S. C. Hewey, W. A. Busha, Harley Wiggin, George Morris, Charles Parker, Frank Parker (200), Morris Glynn, Harry Glynn, Charles Piper, F. E. Butterfield, E. B. Butterfield, John E. Walsh, George P. Alexander, George Parker (200), Guy Ellison, Frank Snow, Dr. C. T. Clark, Fred Morrison of Bennington, Frank Gammell (reported to be 400), Everett M. Herrick, Fletcher Snow, James H. Wooley, Ambrose Morris and George P. Kenyon (225). Following citizens have brought them in from outside the town: D. F. Pollard from Perkinsville, George Hale from Simonsville, John J. Royce from Winhall, J. Q. Pierce from Winhall, and Arthur H. Fuller from Athens.

Use of Arm Probably Gone.

John E. Bowe of 18 Poplar street, who on May 25 was stabbed under the arm by a Polander with whom he was having trouble near the north end of Canal street, has returned from his second trip to the New York neuropathic hospital. He is becoming convinced that he will never regain the use of his left hand and arm. The knife of the assailant was driven into the body under the arm on the left side and severed one nerve of motion of that hand and severely cut two more. Some months ago Mr. Bowe went to New York and remained several weeks and during that time Dr. Taylor, one of the most eminent nerve specialists in this country, performed the operation of splicing the severed nerve and by keeping the arm bound tightly to the side it was hoped the nerve would knit and its use be restored. Such an operation often has been successful, but in this case it was not and the injured man can barely move the extreme ends of his fingers. His recent trip to the hospital was one for external treatment and no second operation was performed although one may be performed later. The Polander, who is under bonds to appear in county court, was not called for at the recent term as expected, but is at work regularly for the International Paper company.

Mrs. Charles E. Dean has been seriously ill the last week.

Miss Emma Blake went Wednesday to Boston to stay several weeks.

Hon. A. N. Swain has been confined to his house two weeks by illness.

Mrs. Charles E. Dean has been ill the past week, but is somewhat improved. Pneumonia was feared.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Osgood have been guests a week or 10 days of their son, Col. Edward G. Osgood, in Nashua.

Mrs. B. E. Foster of Forest street has been in Mechanicsville this week being called there by the death of her mother.

Clinton Hatch of Exeter, N. H., a former resident of this place, was in town on Friday and Saturday, looking up old acquaintances.

Charles Daley of Albany, N. Y., an employe of the Standard Oil company, visited Sunday in Bellows Falls with his sister, Mrs. Gardner Wheeler.

Arrangements have been made so that Governor Mead will speak at the opening of the annual exhibition of the poultry association in Union hall Dec. 5.

The Methodists are holding a series of cottage prayer meetings in North Westminster. The attendance is large and much interest is being manifested.

Harry Hall, a machine tender for the International Paper company since the strike two years ago, will complete his work for the corporation this week.

E. R. Rowe, the local R. F. D. man, has been ill a number of days this week and his place on the route has been filled by Clarence W. Bush of 23 Henry street.

Th annual sale and supper of the Bellows Falls Woman's club will take place Tuesday evening, Dec. 5, in the parlors and vestry of the Congregational church.

Contractor A. M. Bragg is arranging to build a new woodworking shop during the winter for dressing the lumber used in his building operations, and for custom work.

Partridges are reported as being unusually plentiful in this locality this year. One young hunter in the north part of this town already has bagged his full legal limit of 25.

The body of Harrison Foster of Windham, formerly of Bellows Falls, was brought here for burial in Oak Hill cemetery Tuesday afternoon, Rev. J. Ward Moore officiating at the grave.

It has been decided to hold this year's union Thanksgiving service in the Methodist church on the evening of that day. Rev. C. L. Eaton of the Universalist church will preach the sermon.

Walter F. Adams, son of Frank Adams of Atkinson street, has been chosen president of the senior class at Norwich university. He has been president of his class for each of the previous two years.

A basketball team has been formed, Phileas Grignon, manager, and practice will be begun at once. A schedule of games is being arranged with Brattleboro, Keene, Springfield, Turners Falls and other towns.

In the union temperance meeting of four churches Sunday evening in the Congregational church an interesting address was delivered by Dr. Minnie Leavitt Mountain of New York city on scientific temperance instruction.

Sewell L. Purrinton, who for several years has been assistant superintendent here of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company, has been given an advanced position with the company in St. Johnsbury and will remove there at once.

The 4th annual trainmen's ball will be held in Union hall tonight. Heaney & Wallace's singing orchestra from Worcester, Mass., will furnish music and the success and attendance of former years promise a repetition for the event.

A sheriff's sale of the meat cart and stock in trade of the firm of H. A. Ball & Co., who have conducted a market at 6 Canal street, several months, is advertised to be held on the premises Saturday, Dec. 2, at 10 a. m. by Sheriff George C. Wright of Westminster.

Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Davenport went Tuesday to Boston, where Mrs. Davenport submitted to a serious operation in a hospital. Mr. Davenport will remain in Boston for the present and his pulpit in the Methodist church will be occupied Sunday by Deacon C. W. Osgood.

In a meeting of the executive committee of the board of trade in the town clerk's office Wednesday evening it was decided to hold the annual meeting and banquet in Hotel Windham Friday evening, Jan. 5, and to invite Col Frank L. Greene of St. Albans to be the guest of the evening.

Deacon Chilson C. Fairbanks passed his 89th birthday anniversary in a very pleasant manner at the home of his son, E. C. Fairbank, on the old terrace Tuesday. He was the recipient of congratulations, good wishes and many flowers from a large number of friends of a long life.

Rev. F. L. Leavitt of Portland, Me., has been in town a day or two this week and a reception was tendered him at the home of George G. Bowen on King's field Tuesday evening, at which a number of his old parishioners here of the Universalist church took the occasion to renew former pleasant associations and exchange greetings.

Miss Carrie Mason, who for 15 years or more has been private secretary of Walter C. Smith in the executive offices of the Vermont Farm Machine company, has been dangerously ill in her boarding place on South street the last two weeks. Her home is in Townshend. Dr. Don C. Hawley of Burlington was called here in consultation Tuesday. Some improvement is reported in the case at this time.

Cote & Frost began Monday the erection of a large addition to their woodworking plant between Canal and Rockingham streets. The new building will extend from their present building the entire distance to Rockingham street, an entrance to it at the second floor being on the Rockingham street side. It will give the firm greatly increased facilities for their growing business as contracting builders and wood-workers.

The Paulist mission which has been in session two weeks at St. Charles's church closed Sunday evening with one of the largest and most interested audiences which ever gathered in the edifice. The results of the mission are much more successful than any similar effort ever put forth by that church and the influences growing out of the meetings is sure to be a most lasting one. The two priests who were here from New York were eloquent and very interesting speakers.

A meeting of the pastors of Bellows Falls and near-by towns was held at Hotel Windham Monday forenoon, 10 clergymen being present and taking dinner together. Dr. A. P. Pratt of the local Cogregational church presided. An address on "The theology of yesterday and tomorrow" was given by Dr. Oliver Brown of Alstead and a paper on "The kingdom of God" by Dr. George B. Lawson of Vermont academy. It was decided to hold meetings of a similar nature each two months during the winter and spring.

DUMMERSTON HILL.

Austin Jillson of South Vernon is visiting on the hill and looking for deer.

Mrs. Permelia Miles shows a decided improvement. Mrs. E. E. White returned to her home Saturday. Mrs. Cynthia Allen of Williamsville will take her place.

M. Huntley and Frank Streeter of West Dummerston shot a buck in the woods just back of J. N. Betterley's sugar house Wednesday. A Mr. Emil of Marlboro shot one in the same woods the same day. The Locke brothers of Marlboro secured one there Tuesday. It is understood that someone at Wesley Rockwell's also shot a deer.

School closed Friday with Thanksgiving exercises, which 12 of the parents and teachers attended. The program was very pleasing and showed much pains and patience of the teacher. Miss Whitcomb, who has been faithful and conscientious, has taught here 13 successive terms, with the exception of last spring, when she was obliged to give up on account of illness, and has given excellent satisfaction. On account of ill health Miss Whitcomb has been granted a leave of absence for the winter term. She will go with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Whitcomb of Amherst, to Ft. Pierce, Fla., to visit her sister, Mrs. Scott, after which she will go to Miami, Fla., to remain the rest of the winter. Supt. Whittier says the school has a high standing. He has secured Miss Cynthia Smith of Marion, Mass., to teach the winter term.

HINSDALE, N. H.

John Reed and son returned Nov. 14 after threshing 7129 bushels of grain at 53 different places. In 1910 they threshed 7603 bushels at 56 different places.

WALKING.

It is the teaching of nature and of medicine and the common experience of mankind that the body that does not exercise stiffens and rusts. This is freely conceded by everybody but not everybody, alas translates his belief into practice. Unless exercise can be varied and made pleasant it is a tedious business. Swinging Indian clubs, raising dumbbells or going through the various movements of the "home gymnastics," so popular a few years ago, soon becomes monotonous. The man who can keep it up every day, year in and year out, possesses an enviable will-power that is in itself akin to genius. Fortunately, no one is compelled to do this; indeed, it is better not to do it exclusively, for indoor exercise is insufficient, and is a poor substitute for tennis, golf, rowing, riding, and, best of all, because within the power of all able-bodied persons, walking.

By walking is not meant strolling. That is better than sitting in an armchair by the fire, for it takes one into the open air and ventilates the lungs and stirs up the sluggish circulation in a measure, but it is not walking exercise.

In a brisk walk of 20 minutes or more, a man exercises all the muscles of his body; he shakes the abdominal organs into useful activity; he fills his lungs with fresh, pure air, and so helps them to discharge their office of purifying the blood; he quickens and strengthens the heart-action, so that the blood, now well aerated in the lungs, flows in full stream to the brain, and washes out all the poison with which the every-day work and worry has clogged it; and at the same time the ever-changing scenes in city streets or country roads alter the current of thought. Mind and body alike are renewel, and all this without conscious effort, if the walk is taken with a purpose.

The purpose can be found, for there is always an errand which one can do for himself or another. The business man especially, the one who needs more than any one else this life-giving exercise, can get it by walking to or from, or to and from, his office.

This may seem irksome or time-wasting at first, but with a little perserverance it soon becomes a habit. Then very soon its benefits are recognized; one by one disagreeable minor symptoms disappear, meals are properly digested, sleep becomes a matter of course, and those first few extra pounds of flesh at which the family physician has looked askance insensibly disappear. The wise man will not readily abandon a habit which brings such certain reward.—[Youths' Companion.

GOD'S WILL.

I know, I know where violets blow
Upon a sweet hillside,
And very bashfully they grow
And in the grasses hide—
It is the fairest field, I trow,
In the whole world wide.

One spring I saw two lassies go,
Brown cheek and laughing eye;
They swung their aprons to and fro,
They filled them very high
With violets—then whispered low
So strange, I wondered why.

I know where violet tendrills creep
And crumbled tombstones lie.
The green churchyard in silence-deep;
The village folk go by,
And lassies laugh and women weep,
And God knows why.
—[Robert Louis Munger.

"Dad, you're poor, ain't you?"

"No, son—I'm rich. I own you and the baby, and you're worth $1,000,000 apiece to me."

"Dad, couldn't you hypothecate the baby an' get me a new pair of shoes?"—[Toledo Blade.

LOCAL OVERFLOW.

Mrs. Alice Bancroft Shaw, trimmer in Donnell & Davis's millinery store, received news Wednesday of the death of her father, Walter Bancroft, in Gardner. Mrs. Shaw went to Gardner Thursday.

In compliance with the statute regarding the maintenance of railings along the highways Selectman Stafford and helpers have been repairing the fences in the west part of the town this week and will continue to work throughout the town.

The selectmen are trying to locate Clinton Walker, formerly of this town, who went away several weeks ago and left his children, aged 9, 11 and 13 years, in charge of a woman relative. She wants the man located and compelled to pay for the support of his children and the selectmen have put the matter in the hands of State's Attorney F. E. Barber.

Through a prisoner in the Toombs in New York city, Joseph Ferrone, charged with murdering his wife with a razor, the police of that city hope to clear up the mystery surrounding the murder of Mamie Cunningham in 1896. The Cunningham girl was 12 years old and a niece of the late Rev. Father Patrick Cunningham of Brattleboro. A man named Joseph Ferrone was involved in the Cunningham case and the prisoner now in the Toombs is said to have admitted having knowledge of that case.

To the list of three singers whom Brattleboro has produced and who have achieved a wide reputation in opera, Mrs. Mary Howe Burton soprano, Mrs. Harriet Brasor Pratt contralto, and William Schuster bass, is added a fourth, Heinrich Schuerman tenor, making the quartet complete. Mr. Schuerman has just made a successful debut in the part of Lohengrin in Trier, Germany. Notwithsanding the critical attitude of German musical reporters, especially toward new singers, one of them wrote: "Mr. Schuerman began his Lohengrin in a manner that gave promise of great things to come and with few exceptions he carried it through in the same splendid style. The swan song is seldom sung so magnificently, and the combination of power, fullness and lyric quality in his voice is very surprising." Another wrote: "The theatre management has secured a prize in its new tenor." Mr. Schuerman was born in Brattleboro and was a son of Heinrich Schuerman, commonly known as Henry Sherman. The latter was employed in Leonard & Roess's cigar shop and after the death of Mr. Leonard he went to Worcester, Mass., and engaged in business for himself. The family lived on Flat street in this town and the boy attended school here. After completing school in Worcester he studied under well-known teachers and went to Germany in 1908, largely through the influence of Mme. Schumann-Heink, the famous grand opera contralto, who recognized the lyric quality of his voice.

Masonic Bowling Scores.

Following are the scores for the past week in the Masonic bowling tournament:

Class D—Cain 87, 70, Stellman 82, 64.

Class G—Crowell 71, 91, Hoadley 68, 75; Crowell 61, 72, 83, Viele 68, 70, 76.

Class I—McRae 79, 71, 98, Brown 78, 78, 82; H. F. Jordan 82, 82, Worden 70, 75; Brown 78, 76, Jordan 67, 75.

Class K—Simonds 93, 84, Randall 68, 80; Brockington 79, 78, Stearns 76, 72.

Class N—Edwards 72, 76, Colt 70, 53; Johnson 81, 69, 77, Edwards 68, 75, 74.

Plans for the State Corn Show.

The Vermont corn show at Windsor Nov. 24 and 25 will be held in F. A. Kennedy's big riding rink, 300 feet long by 100 feet wide.

In addition to the prizes which have already been announced the following valuable prizes are offered:

For the best 10 ears of sweet corn at show, farm implements are offered by Baxter and Bros. Co. of Windsor, first prize value $15, 2d prize value $10, 3d prize value $5.

For best 10 ears pop corn (Juvenile), first prize value $5, 2d prize value $3, 3d prize value $2, offered by F. S. Mackenzie, Woodstock.

For best bushel basket cut ensilage corn, first prize Davis swing churn offered by Vermont Farm Machine Co., Bellows Falls.

For best 50 lbs corn meal grown and ground in Vermont, first prize value $5, offered by Quechee Falls Farm, 2d prize value $3, 3d prize value $2.

For the best and most attractive display of products grown in garden or on a farm, pictures of agricultural, industrial work, or school work of any description, made by any public school, school union or educational institution in the state, Hon. Maxwell Evarts of Windsor offers a beautiful silver trophy valued at $15.

For best display of corn (any varieties) grown on farm of 200 acres or less, first prize expenses of trip to Burlington to attend "Farmers' Week" during February, 1913, prize to include board, room and travelling expenses of exhibitor and wife, value $25, 2d prize, corn sheller value $10, offered by F. A. Kennedy of Windsor.

For the best 70 lbs. of corn on the cob that will shell out the largest number of pounds of shelled corn (to be shelled at the show by the farmer who grew the corn) first prize, plow value $15, 2d prize pair horse blankets value $7, 3d prize pair hames value $2.50.

The feature of the corn show will be the exhibits of corn grown by the boys in the recent Windsor county corn growing contest.

Farms like the Billings farm of Woodstock, Quechee Falls farm of Quechee, and the Kennedy farm of Windsor are arranging for special displays.

The Windsor churches and business men are planning to serve lunch free to all out of town boys exhibiting at the show.

All are urged to send to the secretary, Archibald C. Hurd at White River Junction, for the complete prize list and program.

Walter R. Davis, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Chester M. Davis of Chester, took his life Friday by hanging himself at the home of his parents. When Mr. and Mrs. Davis returned after a short absence Mrs. Davis found the lifeless body in his room. He was 21 years of age and of a retiring disposition. It is understood that he left a long letter stating that no one was to blame and that he had decided to commit the act after long deliberation.

The United States Supreme Court is to pass upon the validity of the initiative and referendum, in a suit between the state of Oregon and the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph company. The case originated in the company's challenge of a law enacted by the Oregon legislature under the initiative plan by which a tax of 2 per cent was placed upon the gross earnings of telegraph and telephone companies. Taking the position that the initiative and referendum, which are coupled in the Oregon law, are inconsistent with the Republican form of government guaranteed by the constitution of the United States, the company refused for four years to pay the assessments. The state thereupon brought suit. There was a fight to a finish in the trial court, but the decision was favorable to the law. A like conclusion was reached by the Supreme Court of the state, and the company, still unsatisfied, carried the case to the highest tribunal on a writ of error.

Cain had returned from the fields alone.

"Where is your brother Abel?" asked Adam.

"O," replied Cain, carelesslike, "Abe has become a charter member of the Can't Come Back Club."

Whereupon he established a reputation as the village jester.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.

TWO GIRLS AND A HAT.

In a flutter of excitement Claire Abbott craned her pretty neck toward the front pew. Yes, sure enough, Jean Forsigh flaunted a new hat, a most becoming confection of black lace and violets, cunningly arranged to suit the pale gold and delicate fairness of the wearer. For the time being Claire's peace of mind was gone. She forgot that she was in church, so absorbed was he in the fascinating object. She made a pretty picture in her own little, well-worn felt toque perched jauntily amid her black locks, the red wing at the side giving a touch of color which harmonized with her lips, the clear pallor of her face, and the perfect contour of cheek and chin. On the opposite side of the aisle sat John D'Arcy, his eyes on a level with Jean's tantalizing creation. Claire stole a glance at him, and was surprised to meet his gaze. So Jean's new glory had not power to rivet his attention. A thrill of pleasure ran through her, and she buried her face in her big granny muff to hide the blushes. An answering thrill revealed itself on the young man's face which he, too, tried to hide by fixing his gaze on the preacher during the rest of the service.

In the remote country settlement, the church was small and the congregation smaller. In bad weather the latter fact was more apparent. The old people did not care to brave the elements, the younger folk, equally determined not to miss the one mild excitement of the week of seeing and being seen, came, some through piety, others to vary the monotony of their placid lives. The morning's text was "Vanity of vanities." The preacher portrayed in strong language to what depth of iniquity the love of dress and fine living brought poor human nature. There were many accusing glances, not unmixed with satisfaction, in Jean Forsigh's direction. Of these the fair delinquent seemed totally unconscious. Her blue eyes were fixed on the preacher, and her head, coquettishly raised, displayed the beauties of the hat at a correct angle to the whole congregation.

Claire listened absently. She would have given much for just such a hat. It was all very well to preach—but—new hats were rare in the Abbott household. Her father was straining ways and means to pay off a mortgage on the home, and the most rigid economy was practiced to further this important end. Such frivolities as hats did not count as necessities. It was all very well for Jean Forsigh, who came from the city and who was on a visit to the land agent—an important individual in the settlement—to dress as she pleased, but other people must cut their coats according to their cloth. And Claire sighed.

"Did you ever listen to such a sermon? My. I never enjoyed anything so much. I guess some people went home with a bee in their bonnet," cried Miss Sarah Appleby, the gossip monger of the parish, as she walked home with Claire after attending a young people's meeting held in the rectory after the service. 'Well, I never," she ejaculated as her eyes caught sight of two figures some distance ahead. "If it's not Jean Forsigh and John D'Arcy; I guess that will be a match." Her thin nose was quivering with curiosity and her spectacles were glittering in the sunlight as she gave Claire a piercing glance.

"You surprise me," said the latter bravely, though her face flushed and she held her muff up in a sudden desire to shield it from the spinster's inquisitive scrutiny. "She is a very pretty girl. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," answered Miss Appleby grudgingly. "But for my part I like dark hair best. Those city girls are all made up. Give me nature." She glanced admiringly at Claire's black locks, which floated round her face in curly little tendrils, giving a soft witchery of expression irresistibly fascinating. "My, this stormy weather agrees with you," the woman cried admiringly, as a gust of wind almost took the two of them off their feet. "It makes me feel so dragged and untidy." Her cape had blown over her head and she was trying vainly to disentangle herself. Claire good-naturedly helped to put the offending garment in place.

"I don't know what he sees in her," continued her tormenter, during the comparative calm that followed an unusually strong blast. "I thought once that he was your beau. But men are kittle-cattle. You never know when you have them." She laughed disagreeably.

They were nearing a steep incline as she spoke. At the bottom of this ran a muddy stream which from recent rains was swollen to twice its usual size. In ordinary weather it was easily crossed, a stone placed in the centre being the primitive mode.

"Land's sake, how shall we get across?" She lifted up her hands in mock dismay. "I guess he'll have to carry her." She glanced significantly at the two figures in front.

Claire glanced, too, and involuntarily her face hardened. Jean Forsigh in a childish way was grasping John D'Arcy by the coat sleeve. The breeze carried her voice so that her words could be distinctly heard above the storm. "Oh, please let us go back. I could never cross." She turned a lovely beseeching face towards him.

"All right," said the young man, gallantly. "It will be a longer way." The pair turned back and came face to face with Claire and her companion. The blood rushed to John D'Arcy's face and involuntarily he half stopped. He had never dreamed that Claire was behind. He had seen her go to the rectory meeting and intended to meet her coming out, allowing a reasonable time to elapse. But as fate would have it, Miss Jean had come along and quietly taken possession of him. The city girl smiled consciously as she caught sight of Claire.

The latter smiled back and she passed on proudly, regardless of the mute appeal of John D'Arcy's eyes. Her heart was beating to suffocation. Only the night before on the porch he had held her hand tenderly and spoken words that had made her the happiest girl in the village. And now—oh, men were cruel! He was a flirt and she had thought him in earnest. It was but play to him, a deal in hearts and he had won so easily. Her face burned and involuntarily her small hands clenched. Was it not for him that she had envied Jean Forsigh her hat? It was to look fair in his eyes. And now, given the opportunity, she would teach him a lesson. How glad she was that she had agreed to keep their secret until tonight. Well, it would never be told!

"I think we had better turn back, too," said Miss Appleby, glancing at her curiously.

Claire assented mutely and tried to baffle her companion's curiosity by a stream of small talk pluckily kept up. Suddenly a gust of wind blew an object towards her. She glanced at it carelessly and her whole expression changed. It was her rival's hat. The pretty lace and violet-wreathed confection was running madly towards the river. For one brief second she paused. Already it had seemed determined, as it seemed, on self destruction. She saw the pretty, imploring face of Jean turned towards her. In her hands lay its fate, for she stood between it and the river. It would be a glorious revenge. Claire Abbott was not of that sort. With a bound she caught the fragile hat on the very brink.

"I have it safe," she cried cheerfully, holding up the pretty thing, not much the worse for its wild race. The look on John D'Arcy's face was sufficient reward.

"My darling," he cried regardless of the astonished looks of Miss Jean and the spinster, "where did you vanish? I went to church especially to meet you. They told me the meeting would last an hour and I—"

"Met Miss Jean Forsigh instead," added the latter, mischievously. "Accept my warm congratulations."

"And mine," echoed the spinster as she surveyed the happy pair.

"Why?" cried Jean. "Did not you hear that I was engaged to Pete Gunning?"

The land agent's son, and not a soul had guessed it. Miss Appleby was silent.

"Well, I never," she ejaculated mentally. "I have been blind, indeed."—[Shiela Mahon in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Flyers Multiplying Rapidly.

The number of those who go up in the air in ships is constantly increasing. True, the heavens are not yet as black with the birdmen in the vicinity of any one of us, but the total of the world's flock of flyers has enormously increased, and thousands of nestlings are constantly putting out into the air. Taking into account the many aviation schools already in existence, and the great host of airmen flying independently in different parts of the world, it is estimated that the actual number of flyers is near 300. Of the 700 recognized pilots, over half belong to France, 128 to Great Britain, 46 to Germany, 36 to Italy, 37 to Russia, and 31 to America. Of the 700 or more machines of standard types used, the biplanes are in a majority of about 50. The Farman leads with 135, the other makes following at different figures below 60, Wrights numbering 39 and the Curtis 13. Among the monoplanes, Bleriots stand at the top with 158, the Antoinette being second with 47. —[American Review of Reviews for August.

It's a wonder that more men are not round shouldered from carrying such big opinions of themselves.